

Apadravya

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Apadravya

by [dnfsinner](#)

Summary

"It's a dick piercing, George."

George can only hope he doesn't look as red as he feels. "That's... uh, that's cool."

"Yeah?" A smirk slides its way over hard features, cocky above all things. George has to force himself to nod. "Want to know what it looks like?"

Or, Dream has a dick piercing, and George really, really likes that.

Notes

my friend [ash](#) wrote the beginning of this up to where George finds out dream has a dick piercing, so kudos to them for being so epic :0

[their twitter](#)

beta reader [atlas](#) my beloved <3

also, this is gifted to the wonderful [mars isntitcrazy](#) bc i remember a Long time ago i said i would write a piercing fic for them after i read theirs sooooo

enjoy!!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Florida is just as hot as everyone told him it would be. But, of course, George being George, he acts surprised and complains about it just about every minute of the way home.

It doesn't take a genius to tell that Dream is a tad bit annoyed at the smaller, but he seems excited over all else.

But as soon as they're out of the heat and into Dream's very large and very air-conditioned house, George doesn't know what to do or what to say. He supposed he was probably just complaining in order to break the silence, to force away any awkward silences.

So now, being in Dream's house with absolutely nothing to complain about, he goes quiet. Accepts the silence and just *hopes* it'll go away with time. Hopefully soon.

He can only hope that Dream hasn't noticed.

"You've barely talked to me since we got here," Dream laughs. "Why's that?"

He noticed. Of fucking course, he noticed. Stupid Dream and his stupid, caring attentiveness.

"I don't know," George huffs, crossing his legs where he sat on the end of the bed. "It just feels awkward to be here with you after waiting so long for it to happen." He's hesitant with his words, shy. "Like I don't know what to say around you."

Dream laughs again, only this time mixed with fondness. "Just be yourself. You know, like how you are over the phone."

A few moments of silence pass, George steadily breathing through his nose and out his mouth as he looks down at his hands. It's not like being with Dream is awkward, but at the same time, it really is. It feels different than over the phone, and yet, it somehow feels the exact same. He supposes it's just anxiety. Over what, he's not quite sure. But it's wondrous to wrap his mind around the fact that he's here, in Florida, with Dream. Able to gaze upon his pretty face whenever he wants, take in the sight of someone he's longed to see for years.

Maybe a part of it is the feelings for Dream that George has tried to keep at bay for so long. They rush to the front of his brain, polish him red with a strict instinct of wanting to reach out, pull Dream down by his collar, and kiss him until they're both panting for air to soothe the sharp stinging in their lungs.

It's something he's pushed back for a while now, and having Dream in the same proximity is death-inducing.

They lock eyes for a moment, Dream picking up on the hesitance behind brown eyes and smiling.

"Let's play a game," he says, biting back a smirk. "Like an ice-breaker, sort of."

“What’s the game?”

“Twenty questions.” Dream rakes his eyes down before shifting back up. “You go first.”

A gentle breath crosses the top of George’s lip, sighing. “Alright, fine.”

It’s only twenty. It shouldn’t be too bad.

He picks a question off the top of his head. “What’s your favorite color?”

Dream scoffs, a laugh forcing from his chest as he smiles. “We aren’t kindergarteners, George.” It comes out in light cackles, as if it’s the funniest thing on Earth that George had asked his favorite color. “Ask me something else—plus you know what the answer is anyway.”

“Okay, okay, fine. Umm,” George thinks for a moment. “What’s your fondest memory with me?”

One.

“Fondest?” George nods. “Well, I have a lot, if I’m honest—but I’d have to say when you went through your Nutella arc.” A laugh. “I don’t know why. You were just so *obsessed* with it, and it was hilarious to listen to you complain about how you were almost out.”

Rolling his eyes, George huffs. “*Yeah*, and I’m still out of it. Anyway, it’s your turn.”

“Okay,” Dream pauses, for what George can only assume is for dramatic effect. “What’s your biggest sexual fantasy?”

Two.

What? “What?” His mouth voices his thoughts.

“Come on, answer the question,” Dream’s voice has a lilt to it as if he’s trying to gently coax the oh-so embarrassing words right out of the brunet’s throat.

“No—what? Why?” George giggles lightly. *Why is he asking such a weird question?*

“Please, Georgie. It’s fun! For the game!” When George doesn’t react, Dream adds, “for me?” And *fuck*, he feels his guard coming down.

Dream and his stupid pretty face and his stupid pretty voice.

But still, he holds strong. “You’ll use it against me, idiot. I’m not stupid. You’ll have all kinds of blackmail on me if I tell you.”

At this, Dream’s eyebrow quirks. *Oh no.*

“Oh,” he draws out for a few seconds too long. “So you have one?”

“Of course I have one. Everyone does.” George feels his stomach churn as his guard falls further. Walls, meant to protect his deepest secrets and his darkest desires, are lowered, threatening to reveal things nobody needs to know. And all because of this *stupid*, stupid boy and his stupid blond hair and his stupid laugh and his stupid voice and his stupid *everything*.

“Enlighten me then, pretty boy.”

‘Pretty boy.’ Fuck.

“God, fine. Fuck you. You’re so pushy.” He pauses for a second, deciding *just how much* he wants to reveal. “I’m- I’ve, uh, always liked to be dominated.” Dream’s eyebrows raise almost microscopically, and a smirk melts onto his face. George knows he doesn’t have to keep going. But for whatever reason, he does. “I like being bossed around or whatever. Made to voice out exactly what I want. Be held down or tied up, forced to take whatever the other gives me, you know?”

Through a too-big smile, Dream asks, “Is that all?”

“Well- No. But it’s all I’m willing to share for now.”

The blond hums in understanding before, thankfully, moving on. “Okay, your turn then,” he encourages, using his foot to tap George’s leg.

“What do you like most about me?” George questions after a moment of contemplation. “Like, physically or personality-wise.”

Three.

Dream scoffs at that. *Why did he scoff?* “That’s easy—I like how you’re so small. Like, in comparison to me, I mean. And personality-wise, you’re extremely humble. Not many people are as humble as you, especially when you have so much to brag about.”

George ignores the way his face heats up. Instead, he attempts to bite back. “I’m not small, you idiot. You’re just extremely large in every way known to mankind, and that makes me *seem* small to you.”

“Every way..?” Dream’s eyebrows raise, smug confidence written on every inch of his face, scribbled into every line and curve and dip. George smacks the blond’s thigh in retaliation.

“Shut up and ask me a question.”

“Alright,” and *oh*, George does *not* like that sly sneakiness in his tone. “Who’s the last person you thought of sexually?”

Four.

“Why are you asking such extreme questions? What the fuck? Just ask me like—what my favorite season is or something.”

But if he’s being honest, he likes the extreme questions. He likes the way Dream forces him to open up and feel so exposed. He likes being the center of Dream’s attention, being the only thing he’s interested in. At the same time, though, he absolutely loathes it. Because *why* is he asking such extreme stuff? Does he know what he’s doing to George? Does he know that Dream is the last person he’s thought of sexually? Not even just once, but for the past year and a half. Does he know?

“It’s not your turn to ask questions yet, Georgie.” And for a moment, George thinks his heart has stopped because, *oh my god*, did he say all of that out loud? But he remembers, then, that he had asked something before that.

Thank god.

“Why do you wanna know so bad?”

“Just answer the fucking question,” and George swears the world stopped spinning right then and

there. Sparks are sent pulsing through his bones, and his whole body feels electric, but his brain is rendered practically useless.

Fortunately, not useless enough to answer honestly. So instead of saying that he thinks about Dream every goddamn night, instead of saying that he's been dreaming of Dream touching him in the most private and intimate places, he says, "No one." And oh, what a lie that is.

"You sure? You're not lying to me, right?" His tone is clearly teasing. *Clearly*, he's joking, if the sarcasm in his eyes and the smile on his face is anything to go by. But George can't help but feel like there's something else behind his words. Something like hope or disappointment, almost like he wanted more, a different answer.

I must just be imagining things.

"Yeah. . . 'm not lying to you. It's my turn now. What are *your* sexual fantasies?"

Five.

Dream answers without hesitation. *How does he do that?*

"I have a lot," *of fucking course he does*. "But the biggest ones, in particular, are making someone shake because of how well I'm fucking them, and because of how good they feel, making them cry and beg for me to fuck them." Dream pauses. "And there's also. . ." *Why is he hesitating all of a sudden?* "Seeing my- Um, seeing my dick bulge in their stomach."

A breath escapes George's mouth because, *oh my fucking god. Holy fuck*. He's so blown away that he says his next words without thinking. His head is filled with so many thoughts of what Dream could do to him that it just seems to overflow and spill out of his mouth.

"That's hot."

Dream's eyebrows shoot up. "Really?"

There's no going back now; George's tone had been all too serious to play off as a joke. There's no point in even trying, so instead, he nods.

"What part of it is hot?"

"Is that your next question?" George asks because there's no way in hell he's letting Dream get away with asking that and not even having it *count*.

"Yeah, it is."

Six.

A reluctant sigh slips past pretty pink lips before answering.

"Well, the whole. . . dick bulging from the stomach thing and the, um, the begging and crying part." He purposefully leaves out the shaking part, not wanting to seem *too* desperate. But *god*, did he find that hot too. He could only hope Dream didn't notice that he avoided saying anything about it.

"Aw," Dream coos teasingly, "you wouldn't want me to make you shake?"

Okay, he noticed.

Choosing to continue avoiding it, he leans forward slightly and smacks the taller's arm. "Shut up, oh my god—"

"Fine, fine. It's your turn now. And don't ask any stupid questions, just do what I'm doing." George feels his brain, his only source of rational thinking, begin to melt even further at the low, demanding timbre of Dream's voice. But still, he manages to hold strong,

"And what exactly are you doing?"

"Just trying to find out more about you," Dream says with a slight quirk on his lips. George scoffs because Dream has made it *abundantly* clear that his intentions aren't as innocent as he's trying to make them sound.

"You mean about my sex life."

"If that's what you wanna call it, then sure. Now ask me another question."

With a sigh—not one of reluctance or disappointment, mind you; a sigh of giving in—he asks, "Tits or ass?" Because what else was he supposed to say?

Seven.

"What kind of question is that?"

The dumbfounded, almost disappointed look on Dream's face is enough to make George scoff out a laugh.

"It's nothing compared to what you've asked me, so just answer it."

Dream's eyes flick between George's—seemingly looking for something and not finding it—before answering.

"Neither. I'm more of a thigh guy, myself. My turn," and all too quickly to be considered normal, he asks, "how long can you last?"

Eight.

The smirk on his face makes George's stomach churn, though he's not quite sure if it's out of uneasiness or excitement.

"Like, in bed?" Dirty blond hair gets slightly ruffled as he nods. "It depends on the person, really."

"You think you'd last with me?"

"I know I would," George can feel the confidence and boldness swelling in his chest and up to his head, making his words more reckless and revealing—maybe even more *bratty*—than he'd ever dare to be. "I doubt you're even good in bed anyway."

"Yeah?" Dream's brow raises incredulously.

"Yeah."

"If you say so," Dream says, sounding all too confident for someone who doesn't even *know* what George likes.

Oh, wait. I just told him.

Shit.

“But we all know you’d definitely turn to putty the second someone touches you,” he continues. The brunet finds himself getting nervous, almost *turned on* at the other’s confidence. Almost. “It’s your turn now, pretty boy.”

Fuck, that stupid pet name.

Though his confidence is growing, his nerves aren’t shrinking by any means; if anything, he’s just getting *more* hot and bothered. But the game continues.

“Do you really, genuinely, think I have ‘pretty privilege’ or whatever?”

Nine.

“Of course, you idiot.” The way Dream says it makes George feel almost stupid for asking such a question as if the answer was supposed to be obvious. “What are your biggest turn-ons?”

Ten.

George can’t hold his thoughts back anymore, can’t stop them from spewing out of his mouth the second they form in his mind. “Spitting, choking, hair pulling, bruises, someone authoritative—”

“Jesus, George, calm down. Don’t go spilling all your dirty secrets too soon.” Dream’s wide grin and the mischievous glint in his eyes tell a different story, though. Like he wants him to continue. So, naturally, he does.

“It also really gets me going when someone can easily overpower me. And piercings—or, I think, at least.”

“Piercings?”

“Yeah...” he makes sure to add a lilt of suspicion to his voice; because *why did he sound so excited?* “Anyway, it’s your turn.”

“Hm.” His lips press into a thin line before spreading further into a far too suspicious grin. *What in the world is he up to?* “I wanna give my turn to you. Ask me if I have a piercing, George.”

“...What?”

“You heard me.”

“Okay...” George cocks his head to the side slightly and narrows his eyes, searching for any hint of what Dream might be planning in the smallest scheme of the other’s face. He finds nothing. “Do you have any piercings?”

Eleven.

“I do actually,”

What?

Oh shit. Oh no. I’m so fucked.

Dream responds much faster than he had been before. But for whatever reason, he decided to try sounding surprised, as if he wasn’t expecting the question.

“Where?” George’s face twists in mock confusion. “And why didn’t you tell me before?”

“As if I was going to tell you I have a fucking apadravya piercing.”

The words are drawn out of Dream’s mouth like waterfalls, and it has George hitching a breath in his throat as he tries to wrap his head around what that meant. He didn’t particularly know what an apadravya piercing is, though, from one glance over Dream’s un-pierced face, he can deduce that it’s something hidden underneath clothes.

Dream laughs, laced with sick strands of ebon as he picks up on the confusion. “It’s a dick piercing, George.”

Pink lips part in astonishment, George stuttering over his words and not getting anything of coherence out; his pathetic attempts seem to draw out another laugh from the other as he leans back against the headboard of the bed. It only gets worse when George tries to meet his eye, tries to pretend that his mind isn’t going rampant at the thought of Dream having fucking *dick piercing*.

George can only hope he doesn’t look as red as he feels. “That’s... uh, that’s cool.”

“Yeah?” A smirk slides its way over hard features, cocky above all things. George has to force himself to nod. “Want to know what it looks like?”

George’s breath is taken from him once more, feeling almost as if Dream has shoved a hand down his throat and ripped out his vocal cords. And without wanting to, without even *thinking* about what it might spark hidden between his thighs, George nods, mumbling something akin to soft agreement.

It seems as if the game is long forgotten; only eleven questions in, the remaining nine carelessly thrown away in favor of whatever the hell they’re doing now.

With a sick smirk that’s probably hotter than it should’ve been, Dream parts his legs, motioning for George to situate himself in between them. The silent command sent a shiver down George’s spine, crawling forward on the bed until he was where Dream wanted him, sitting pretty on his knees.

“So go on,” Dream eggs, nodding down to his sweats. “I won’t bite.”

Shaky fingers reach out to hook underneath the hem of petty fabric that feels heavy to touch. “You... want me to?”

“I offered, didn’t I?”

Gulping, George lets himself drag the front of Dream’s sweatpants down with the barest help of the other, alarms blaring somewhere in his head that he shouldn’t be doing this—that *they* shouldn’t be doing this. It blurs that thin line between their friendship and something more; it goes against the morale of being best friends. *Best friend’s who offer their dick to be gazed upon by the other*. And to no one’s surprise but George’s, Dream doesn’t have underwear on.

His eyes fall to the length, sputtering out a gasp that he failed to swallow back down—completely unintentional. A gleam of a metal barbell shoots vertically through the head of Dream’s cock in a way that’s nothing short of tempting. George lets go of the elastic band of sweatpants, the band snapping against the skin as his face tints over with pathetic pink in the hope of choking down another gasp. And it makes Dream laugh again as George snaps his head to the side, like he was breaking every rule they had wordlessly laid out in their friendship. It feels so wrong, and yet, he doesn’t get up and leave. He knows he should, but he just *can’t*.

“Don’t be so scared of a dick, George,” he clips, hand reaching out to persuade the other’s eyes back on him. “Haven’t you seen one before?”

Not one like yours, George wants to say, but he opts to keep his mouth shut in fear of letting something he’ll want to take back slip out. Instead, he locks his wide eyes on the lewd darkness of faded green in front of him.

His skin is crawling with tangerine-colored fire. Pins and needles are pricking at the flesh mercilessly as he tries to desperately bat away the growing pit of arousal building up in his gut. Stack on stack of heat he loves to loathe as it piles in his stomach.

“It’s not that,” he mumbles, words partly truthful.

Dream was big—his *cock* was big—and that’s to be expected of a naturally big guy. But George didn’t seem to surmise the idea of that until his eyes landed on the girth that could have any man ashamed for their own size.

It wasn’t just the sheer length of it either. It was that god-forsaken piercing he hadn’t foreseen to be shot through the head of Dream’s dick in a way that looked painful. The barbell had mocked George within the few seconds he saw it, and had spit gathering beneath his tongue because *fuck, does he want to taste it*.

The gentle strokes of Dream’s thumb against the other’s chin condescend with the way his eyes were dark with something unfixed, something unknown. His gaze burned ropes of lust under paper-based skin, pulling him in close. Dream’s eyes seem to dig out some ungodly feeling of want that has George wishing he never stepped foot in the other’s room in the first place. And somehow, the smirk on Dream’s face appeared to hold all the answers to every sick desire bubbling over in George’s gut—like he knew precisely what the piercing did.

If George were to look into the mirror, he would find his cheeks tinted with crimson embarrassment and his eyes slightly more dilated than before. And it was never going to be just the piercing. It was Dream, and his far too good-looking appearance and his smile that seemed to hold all the happiness in the world, a body that was far bigger than George’s to be normal. Secret feelings that haphazardly rut their way between every fuego they’ve gone through—so no, it’s not just the piercing, but that’s definitely an extended plus.

“Then what is it,” Dream implores in a teasing tone, voice impossibly deeper than George has ever heard it. “What got you so flustered, huh?”

Maybe George could overlook his arrogance, but at the moment, George can only huff, roll his eyes as he tries to scurry away from the hold his jaw is interlocked in—which he’s met with a firm grip that holds him in place. Dares even to draw a whimper from the depth of his chest.

“Y-You already know what, you dickhead.”

“Maybe,” Dream coaxes, “but I wanna hear your pretty voice say it.”

It almost feels as though they’ve skipped a few steps in their relationship, skimmed over the line of soft first kisses, and spilled feelings. Skipped too many dates and instead dived straight into the sea of sex-driven desire. The line has been entirely blurred, trickling under their skin, fighting between the border of platonic intentions and sensuality.

George mumbles something of incoherence; soft, shy, and it has the pad of Dream’s thumb digging into the side of his cheek.

“I didn’t quite catch that, Georgie.”

He didn’t want to say it again, the piercing stare of assumed forest green eating at his soul in tender strides. But he does. Says a bit louder, “*You’re big.*”

The smirk on Dream’s face dares to get wider. “Yeah? That all, princess?”

A shiver wracks through George’s body from the nickname that fell from Dream’s mouth. But he ignores it.

“Your piercing’s hot, too.” George lets the words fall out before he could think of the implications behind them, allowing a hand to wander just above Dream’s crotch. “It’s so fucking hot. I wanna feel it in my mouth.” A pause. “Wanna have my tongue on it.”

The words feel dirty as they pass his lips, but that didn’t matter when the groan he got in response flared the fire in his gut tenfold. George presses his palm flat against the other’s clothed stomach, just barely above the tent of Dream’s half-hard cock. There’s a moment of silence, silence that is boiling with tension, drawing them closer and closer to the edge of no return, before Dream speaks.

“I didn’t know you had such a dirty mouth, angel.”

“And I didn’t know you had a piercing,” George shoots back, letting his hand slip and rest against the strain of Dream bulge. “Changes the game a bit.”

New-found confidence flows through George’s blood, gliding dainty fingers down to the head of Dream’s cock, feeling the piercing poke out under the fabric before giving the tip an experimental squeeze. He luxuriates in the soft moan that it draws from Dream’s lips before pulling away.

“Can I suck you off?” he asks.

And Dream is quick to answer. “Yeah—yes, *fuck*. Of course, you can.”

Helping with the removal of his sweatpants, Dream lifts his hips to enable George to pull the fabric from his body until cold air brushes over the head of his dick, and George is looking down at it admirably.

The piercing is the current object of his affection, feeling spit gathering beneath his tongue as he watches precum leak from the slit in a way only described as downright pornographic. He takes it in his hand, letting the pad of his thumb roll where the piercing prods from the underside of the head, pushing it up, playing with it in subtle motions that have Dream hissing and throwing his head back against the headboard of the bed.

It’s cold compared to the warm flush of George’s hand, though something tells him it’ll be warmed up in no time.

“End of the bed,” George whispers, crawling from his spot between Dream’s legs and kneeling down on the floor.

There’s a sick look of sinful darkness lingering in Dream’s eyes as George shuffles back to make room for Dream’s legs as he slides over to the edge of the mattress, cock right in front of George’s face.

He leans down, flicking his tongue over the slit of Dream’s decorative cock. The motion coaxes a breathy groan from the depths of Dream’s chest, the noise oddly enduring, encouraging George to swirl his tongue around the head, enjoying the soothing glide of a cold barbell that sends shivers

plowing through his small body. He laps up every drop of precum, savoring the sweet bitterness of it on his taste buds.

George struggles to wrap his lips around the width of Dream's cock, the top of the piercing hitting up against the soft palate of his mouth. Gently, he curls his tongue against the underside of the length, pushing the barbell up. Whatever the fuck that was doing, it drew wonderful sounds from the man above that George never wants to stop hearing.

A small hand wraps around the places George doesn't bother to reach, wanting to taste the metallic beauty that is adorned between Dream's thighs for as long as he can. Quite simply, Dream's piercing is a force to be reckoned with, something to be praised and worshiped like the rest of his stupidly large cock. And George knows he'll never be able to get enough of it now that he has his mouth stretched around the length, flicking his tongue over the barbell in a graceful manner.

When he pulls away, missing the way of Dream's cock in his mouth, he locks eyes with emerald pines, catching the slightest dilation of black pupils. It has George smirking, sticking his tongue out in a way oh-so-seductive as he licks a long stride up the underside of Dream, pushing the piercing where it rests again when he reaches the tip. He relishes how the other's eyes flutter shut, head tipping back as a low moan is choked out of Dream's throat, hands threading through brown forests of hair. Tugging at the roots gently as he tries to push George's head down, being met with strong resistance.

"Please, George," Dream groans out, surprisingly not above begging. "Just suck me off already—fuck."

Without a word, George wraps his lips around the tip of Dream's dick again, swirls his tongue in eager glides of black want. Leaning back on one palm, Dream peers down at the boy, loving how his cock looks to be way too big to fit inside of George's mouth, but somehow does anyway.

George fiddles with the piercing again, slicking the tip with spit he doesn't bother to keep in his mouth as he works his tongue to push the metal up and down. His teeth graze along the top of Dream's cock by accident, ivory knocking against the barbell and *pulling*. And if it weren't for how Dream chokes on his moans, mumbling curses, George would've pulled off and apologized.

Decidedly, George will never get enough of Dream's cock—knowing from this point forward, he'll never be able to forget how the piercing digs into the roof of his mouth and carves Dream's name out in perfect strokes of silver.

He tries to flatten his tongue again, lolling his head to the side to try and spin the barbell around in its place to see if it would make Dream crumble embarrassingly. The exasperated moan he receives in response tells him exactly how good it felt. So he does it again, and again, and again. Fingers tighten in George's hair, the strength making him whimper pathetically around the intrusion in his mouth. He flicks his eyes up to look at Dream's too-hot face, pride swelling in his chest as he sees the other's jaw slack, breathy sounds falling from parted lips that have George hollowing his cheeks.

Dream tries to push George farther down again, tries to feel more of the blistering wet heat that he wants to be swallowed up by—but still, George resists. Still only paying attention to the part he's slowly becoming addicted to. And Dream doesn't want to let him, but he gives in anyway.

The head of his cock nudges at the side of George's cheek. It pokes out in all its justified glory before George delivers a plethora of kitten licks to the underside of spit-coated glans, movement continuous and only led by his tongue. The piercing digs into the muscle with every flick, pushing it up and down, and it has Dream moaning the softest insinuation of George's name, drawn-out and

gravelly low.

George's body swells with tangerine and red roses, the pure sounds leaving spells of arousal resting in the pits of his stomach, twisting and turning in a desirable need of affliction. He pulls his head off with a sickening *pop*, a string of spit connecting his bottom lip to the piercing. Gliding his hand up to the tip, he plays with the barbell with the pad of his thumb, only giving petty licks to the slit to swallow the collecting precum.

Spit glistens over the head of Dream's cock, making it all more pornographic than it should've been. And George doesn't understand why Dream has let him go so prolonged suckling at the tip, knowing how he wanted to pull George's head down and make him choke on the thickness of his cock. (Dream could if he wanted to). He almost purrs, knowing Dream is allowing him to be obsessed with the body jewelry.

But something tells him Dream's patience is running thin. That something being the slight flare of black fire behind green eyes. And he joyfully ignores it, opts for reattaching his mouth to feel the soothing glide of metal against his tongue once more. He genuinely thinks he could get used to this, something in his brain conjuring up the idea of cockwarming Dream just to feel the barbell prod on his tongue for hours on end.

That fantasy is cut short, however, when Dream cups his hand under George's jaw—strickenly possessive in the way he held the other's chin, pulling him from where his mouth begged around Dream's cock.

"Fucking get on with it already."

George laughs, lilted with sultry intentions. "Make me."

"Don't be a brat." Dream's voice is darkly smitten, curved on the edge of soft and demanding. "Be a good boy and suck me off properly. Okay?"

Huffing, George rolls his eyes, promptly ignoring the fluttering butterflies in the pit of his stomach as he lowers his head down. His tongue flicks out again, trying to veto the piercing that he never wanted to part with, and instead, took more of Dream's cock in his mouth, feeling the barbell drag across the soft palate and pathetically whimpering.

The laugh he hears from above doesn't help either. Only has him throwing his gaze up to meet a green fury of fire, dipping his head down further in an attempt to draw a broken moan from Dream's throat. And it worked, the hand cupping his chin dragging up to weave through brown hair once more.

A whine rings out, barely muffled by the cock stuffing his mouth to the brim as George feels it twitch against his tongue, pulse obscenely at the back of his throat just enough for him to make out the piercing in all of its stupid glory. It's not cold anymore, warm where it presses inside of his mouth, and George wishes it to be as chilled as an ice cube, melting like the precum that drips down his throat. But he makes do with what he's given.

He lowers himself until his nose situates against the soft flesh of Dream's pelvis, hands fleeing to rest against tan thighs in a fit of gaining stabilization. And he stays there for a moment, the pressure of Dream settling in the back of his mouth so thickly being enough to coax his eyes shut and a deep breath to waver in his chest as he tries to control his breathing pattern.

It felt almost wrong to be on his knees for Dream so soon. But it was supposed to be like this all along, practically written in the fucking stars for them to be in this situation within days of being

finally in the proximity of each other. Unfortunately, it still feels too soon. And it's pathetic that a simple game of twenty questions got them in this predicament. That Dream's piercing aided it as well.

So really, George shouldn't be all that surprised his mouth is being stuffed full of Dream's cock.

He loves it, anyway.

Pulling up slowly, George drags his tongue on the underside of Dream's dick, nails digging into the tan flesh of thighs before he's back to the tip, knocking his teeth against it carelessly. It draws a hiss from the man above, fingers tightening in his air, tugging at the roots hard enough to make George whine.

Spit lathers over the length of Dream's cock, something priding in George's chest from the way it was from his tongue, his mouth. And it compels him to sink his head again, making it a mission to have Dream dripping with his saliva, dirty from the ways of George's mouth. A hand glides to the back of his neck, fingertips digging down harshly to draw a pitiful whimper from his throat that's drowned out by the intrusion prodding against his tongue.

The piercing will always be his favorite part, loving how it scratches the velum of his mouth with every glide of Dream's cock.

He curls his tongue back when he's halfway off, playing with the barbell, the stimulation enough to earn a too-hot moan from Dream. And if he were to look—if anyone were to look, really—George is positive a bulge would be prominent in his throat from the way Dream's oversized cock stretched in the gullet. It's a thought he wishes Dream would indulge in, wrap a hand around his neck and moan out how he could feel himself in George's esophagus.

But instead, Dream's hand stays tangled in his hair, pulling at the locks in a way that stings and delivers George with the utmost satisfaction. Spit begins to slip down the curve of George's chin, quite literally not being able to hold it in with how Dream splits his jaw open in the most aching yet perfect way.

"Such a fucking *slut*, George," Dream moans, head tilted up at the ceiling.

The shame of the words sparks a fit of strawberry arousal to shoot up George's spine, exfoliating his blood before filtering out into a plaintive whine of agreement, spilling from his mouth like the spit trailing down his chin. Fire stirs through the marrow of his bones, littering his skin with spikes of dark sin as the degrading name makes his mind slip away from him for a moment, his body freezing up.

And, of course, Dream notices.

"You like that, baby?" he coaxes, enamored of sinful intentions as he locks eyes with George. "Like being a slut for me?"

George moans weakly around Dream's cock, pulling off with a slick *pop* as he moves one of his hands to curl around the thickness. His palm glides effortlessly across the spit-slicked skin, letting the pad of his thumb brush over the piercing with every upstroke.

"Yes," he answers pitifully, "I'm your slut, Dream. I'm your slut."

The breathless "*Fuck*," Dream punches out is worth the humiliation of his words. A sound George would give everything to hear again.

He drags his tongue across the bottom of already spit-slicked lips, inflamed a beautiful red from the severity of everything. And when Dream places a hand on his cheek, George mindlessly leans into the touch, peering up at green eyes with an underlying intent to serve. It's nothing less than sinful, no ounce of shame hidden behind burnt umber.

His fingers find their way back to the piercing, letting them twist it around until uncut nails brush against his cheek. Eye contact is broken when Dream's eyes flutter shut, groaning at the way George plays around with the barbell like it's a toy. And then, warmth blankets his cock when George attaches his lips around the head once again.

George licks at it, digs the tip of his tongue into the slit before swirling around with a breathy sound that couldn't be defined as anything. The piercing spins when George supplies the right amount of pressure. Presses up through the head of Dream's cock before it's pushed back down by the roof of his mouth. It's a movement worthy of praise in sweet prose of a low moan reverberating through Dream's chest. And he can't stop himself from rutting his hips up, pushing his cock to the back of George's throat.

To no one's surprise but Dream's, George doesn't gag. Instead, he whines pathetically around the thickness of the other's overly large cock, the vibrations increasing every hot feeling coiling through Dream's body tenfold. And he doesn't hold back from doing it again, letting his dick glide across a wet tongue as he replaces his hand in the forest of brown.

George lets it happen, flattening both palms over freckled thighs, trying to unhinge his jaw even further to allow Dream more of his mouth. Use it like it wasn't anything special.

The piercing hits against the roof of George's mouth with every thrust, the feeling of it alone making him dig his nails into skin, leaving pretty crescent moons in the shape of his claws. George choked out filthy sounds of spit against the girth of Dream, savoring every prod of the cock at the back of his throat.

He tries to flatten his tongue, let it roll over the barbell whenever Dream pulls out enough to allow for it, but he never could. Dream is too harsh, too quick in the way of his thrusts even to let George get the opportunity. But he still tries anyway.

Dream feels as if he's been swallowed by heat—body hot with a dripping leak of a petty fire, enveloping his skin with the tyrannical zest of George's mouth. And he'd be lying if he said he hadn't ever imagined what it would be like to have pretty lips stretched around his cock so perfectly. Because he has, and he's not going to deny that. Not anymore, at least.

The feeling of George's throat swaddling his cock tightly is enough to have Dream panting, moaning out faint praises that flash white down George's spine as he keens. His hips lift off the bed, grip becoming impossibly tighter in George's hair as he's pushed to the edge, chasing the red-hot, sex-driven lust.

George can feel the flutter of Dream's cock pulsing in his mouth, tightening his lips before forcing himself off with a reluctant force. He gasps for air, tongue lolling out and dripping with spit in thick strands of hotness before it's reeled back in.

"Fuck, George," Dream moans, letting his hand fall to the other's chin, swiping his thumb across messy, spit-coated lips, smearing it. The tongue that previously laved over his cock darted out to lick the digit, pulling it into a pretty mouth that looks even prettier stretched out on Dream's thickness. "Such a fucking whore, yeah?"

George pulls off with a dirty *pop*. "Just for you."

And then, he's taking Dream back into his mouth, defiling him with his tongue. Dream lets him have free reign, leaning back on the bed and peering down at George as he sucks him off with sufficient vigor. George moves a hand to wrap around the base of Dream's cock, gliding up to meet the movements of his lips before tugging back down.

It has Dream moaning pathetically, feeling the way George pays the utmost attention to his piercing, positioning his head at the perfect angle to be able to spin it around where it sits at the head of Dream's cock. Hot flames consume his entire being, stomach fluttering as his jaw goes lax, heavenly sounds falling past his lips.

He's on the edge of coming down George's throat, painting the back of his mouth white with his cum. And maybe he'd hold George's mouth closed, make him swallow before any of it could spill out of the corner of his lips, mix with the pretty spit that dirties his face already. But maybe Dream wants that as well. Wants to see how his cum would slip out George's mouth, wants to know if George would flick his tongue out and lick it back inside.

Or maybe George would let Dream finish on his face, messy the bridge of his freckled nose with sticky strands of white. Let it slip down and fall across his cheeks—maybe ask Dream to lick it off for him, which he would do in a heartbeat, not above tasting himself.

“God *fuck*,” he stutters out a broken moan, falling back against the mattress, the movement allowing his cock to shove itself down George's throat unexpectedly.

George welcomes it. He would never not welcome it.

Rolling his tongue over the piercing, George allows himself to play with it again before hooking his teeth on the top and bottom of the barbell, pulling back slightly. And whatever that did, it drew a pathetic cry from the man above, bucking his hips up to ask George to throat him again.

George leaves the piercing alone despite wanting to play with it more, and pushes back down, settling his nose at the base. He lolls his head to the side, gliding his tongue up the side of Dream's cock before bobbing down again, repeating the same movements over and over again. And it seems to be driving Dream absolutely crazy, George's tongue worshipping him like there's no tomorrow—like he'll never be able to do it again, never be able to fall on his knees and praise the other with his mouth.

Dream would be stupid not to let him.

Spit is hot on George's face—literally and metaphorically. It drips down his chin, makes a mess of his neck. But he doesn't pay any mind to it. Instead, he tightens his lips as he drags up the length of Dream's cock, lips curled around the piercing in a moment of bliss before he's shoving himself back down.

His mouth has become accustomed to Dream's size, jaw not as sore as it was before from having to hold it open for so long—and again, he welcomes it. He'd always welcome it with open arms if it meant he could feel Dream hit the back of his throat, feel the piercing scrape against the roof of his mouth for the rest of his life. George knows he'll be addicted to the silver forever, knows there isn't any room for rehabilitation when it feels so, so good.

Dream is moaning out curses mixed with the sizzling touch of George's name, head tilted to the ceiling and eyes rolled to the back of his head.

“George,” he rasps, pushing himself to sit up. “Fuck, George. I'm close.”

The words only encourage George to speed up the strokes of his tongue, hollow his cheeks as he feels Dream pulse heavy on his tongue. His teeth knock against the underside of the skin, and that seems to push Dream over the point of no return, a soft moan falling out into the air as hot white shoots down George's throat, stuffing his mouth with cum.

George milks it out, barely swallowing any of it as he tightens his lips with every bob of his head. And Dream might as well have died and gone to heaven, his orgasm bestowing upon him with a sickening feeling of bliss, clouding his mind with *George, George, George*.

Cum mixes with the spit trailing down George's chin, his tongue never stopping its movements as he pulls back to the head of Dream's cock, swirling it around the pulsing girth. He plays with the piercing, enjoying the tang of metal and bittersweet cum that's leftover on his taste buds. George pushes Dream to the brink of overstimulation, only stopping when he's forcibly pulled away, Dream whispering a mix of curses and begs to *stop*.

That's when he swallows, spit and cum falling down his throat like red fire.

George stares up at Dream for a moment, locked with the beautiful flush of pink that falls over sun-kissed, freckled cheeks before he's pulling himself up to straddle the other's thighs and interlocking their lips in a heated kiss.

Dream can *taste* the essence of his cum in George's mouth, cupping the other's face to attempt to bring him closer, kiss him harder. It's black with sex-driven desire, wanting nothing more than to have George beneath him, begging and crying and moaning for Dream—always for Dream. And it feels hot to want it, dangerous in some way that he chooses to ignore, blinded with want.

The kiss is hot, dripping fire down their throats as George fumbles with the hem of Dream's shirt, failing to tug it off without having to break apart from the other's mouth. And when he's finally successful in doing so, Dream is quick to pull George off as well, throwing the clothing somewhere in the room to find a temporary home on the floor for the night.

Dream trails his lips down with secular movements, biting and sucking at the skin below the other's jaw, leaving pink blemishes that'll bruise over beautifully in a deep shade of mauve in the morning. He claims the brunet with his tongue just as George had done earlier, caressing alabaster in tender strokes of an already wet with spit neck.

Breathy whimpers settle into the air with a dangerous bite, Dream's teeth digging into the flesh hard enough to leave a mark in the shape of ivory crowns for the next few days. (And it would be a lie to say that there weren't more marks placed that following morning).

George is doused with crippling desire, every rush of blood to the surface of his neck caused by Dream's mouth oh-so-wonderful. "Please," he whispers, delicate and soft, "Please, I want you."

"You want me?" Dream teases, a smirk unyielding on his features as he pulls back. "How do you want me, baby? Tell me."

"In every way possible," George gasps out, feeling the other's tongue lick across his skin. "I want to feel you inside of me—god, you'd make me feel so full, Dream. *Please*."

A smirk slides across Dream's face, pressing into the curve of George's neck. He kisses the skin softly, burning his name into paper-white alabaster with every plant of plush lips, making George his, owning him in ways no one else can. It draws a pretty whimper from the man above, hips snapping forward to chase some type of friction he's been deprived of since he fell on his knees.

“Please, Dream,” he tries again. “I want you to fuck me, please.”

Dream drags his hands down to grip at small thighs, thumb digging into the flesh hard enough to leave bruises in the shape of his fingers. Then quickly, almost effortlessly, he lifts George up and tosses him back on the bed, pushing him up until he’s situated in the middle, and Dream is hovering over his pretty body.

Shallow breaths are tossed out into the open air, fusing with innocent desire as Dream hooks his fingers underneath the hem of George’s shorts, tugging them down until they’re able to be thrown away and forgotten like the rest of their clothes. Then, reaching over, Dream fumbles around for a bottle of lube in the top drawer of his dresser. A soft *click* rings out, Dream drenching three of his fingers with lube before capping the bottle closed and dropping it beside George’s head.

He lines his hand up between George’s legs, pressing the tip of his middle finger to the rim just to see how George whimpers and his eyes flutter shut.

Dream sinks into the fluttering mess of George, sinks to the first knuckle, then to the second until his finger is swallowed up by the tight heat. George whines, tries to push his hips down to somehow get Dream to be deeper than he can go. And it makes a laugh fall from Dream’s chest, low as he barely curls his finger, dragging it out before pushing right back in.

“So pretty, Georgie,” he whispers, fingering George oh-so-slowly. “Such a perfect slut for me, aren’t you, baby?”

George whines, babbles incoherent cries of *yes* and *more* as Dream speeds up his pace, curls his finger, and plunges it deep inside of the pathetic boy below. Dream’s other hand trails up and wraps around George’s neck, barely pressing down on the sides, but it still draws heavenly sounds.

His ring finger slides in next to his middle, the stretch feeling tantalizingly better than when George would do this to himself. Dream pulls them apart, twists them, *drags them*, as he fucks George open, the grip on his neck becoming subtly tighter. George trashes his legs on the bed the moment Dream brushes the tip of his fingers over his prostate, toes curling as jolts of pleasure wrack through his body.

Jaw dropped open in a welcome invitation, Dream spits into George’s mouth, watches the saliva drip back on his tongue, and hears pretty moans hitch louder. And though the action was unexpected, George welcomed it—he would always welcome it.

The hand flees from George’s neck, replaces itself at his hip, and pushes him into the mattress of Dream’s bed in a bruising way. Dream’s thrusts speed up, a third finger ready to sink inside. George is nothing short of pathetic, moaning loudly from every prod to his prostate, every curl of Dream’s fingers that are so much bigger than his own. And quite literally, George doesn’t think he’s ever felt so *good* from someone fingering him the way Dream is.

Then he remembers the piercing. Wants to feel it inside of him, hit in all the right places as he’s reduced to a moaning mess, sputtering spit from his mouth because everything feels too good. And when Dream does finally split him open, pushing his third finger past the tight muscle, George is already so close to breaking, hands fisting the sheets as he grips onto them.

If anything, the piercing is something George knows will be the death of him. Knows that once it’s inside, once he feels it drag against his walls, that he’s done for.

Strings of moans are never-ending, being drawn from the depth of George’s chest with every hit of Dream’s fingers to his prostate. His thighs are already shaking, mind a blurry mess of *Dream*,

Dream, Dream. All he wants is Dream, for his cock and that stupid fucking piercing to drag inside of him and make him scream.

Dream's pace is ruthless, burning fire with every curl of his fingers. The sound of slick lube echoes out obscenely with every backward draw of his hand before plunging back inside, George's moans becoming increasingly louder.

"Please," George barely rasps out, choking on his spit. "Please, Dream. I want your cock. I want it so bad—wanna feel it."

A breathy curse is punched from Dream's chest, George being met with emptiness as he pulls his hand out, wiping it clean on the mattress before cradling the bottle of lube once more. George whimpers, clenching around nothing, but he doesn't complain, knowing what's to come next is possibly even better than Dream's fingers.

Dream lathers his cock with lube, spreading it over the length until it's dripping messily. Something in the back of his mind tries to tell him that he hasn't prepped George good enough, that his cock will stretch him in a way that's just painful, and it has him asking, "Do you want this?"

"Yes!" George cries, wrapping a leg around Dream's waist. "Please, yes, Dream. I want it. I want it so bad—"

Teasing the tip of his cock at George's hole, Dream runs his piercing over the muscle, barely pressing inside in a way that has George cutting himself off with a moan. The metal catches on his rim as Dream pushes inside, George's eyes fluttering shut as he throws his head back, jaw lax in a silent cry while he's stretched open, filled up by Dream's stupidly large cock.

And *fuck*, does George feel so full. Dream is barely inside, barely pushed all the way in, and George can already feel the way his thighs shake, the head of Dream's pierced dick pressing against prostate with every push forward. When Dream finally bottoms out, his hips pressing flush to George's ass, he lets out a scuffed moan.

"You're so fucking *big*, Dream," George mutters through his moans, almost on the edge of a whine. "Why the hell are you so *big*."

A low laugh meets George's ears though it's barely heard. "Yeah?" Dream coaxes, "You like how big I am, baby? How I reach so far inside of you, how my piercing scapes against you—does it feel good?"

"Yeah—yes, *holy fuck*." Dream barely pulls out, rocking his hips just enough for George to feel the piercing press against his walls. "Please move, Dream. And please don't be gentle."

The beg makes a sly smirk slide over Dream's face, pride swelling in his chest as he pulls out, the barbell catching on George's hole before he slams back inside. George fucking *screams*, Dream repeating his movements over and over and over until George is somehow begging for more, begging for Dream to go harder.

And Dream delivers. He pounds George harder, the slap of skin on skin echoing through the room every time their hips connected. The drag of the piercing inside of George makes everything feel so much better, hitting against the right spots in a way that has his mouth dropped open. Spit sputters out from how he forgets to keep it all in, too focused on how Dream is fucking him to care about how messy he's making himself.

"Spit—" George cuts off with a moan. "My mouth—spit in my mouth, please."

His jaw is dropped, tongue laid flat against his bottom lip, waiting for Dream to appease his requests. And Dream fulfills them, spitting onto George's tongue and watching it drip before George struggles to swallow it, just barely failing as he chokes on his moans.

"God," Dream groans, "you're such a fucking slut."

George babbles, nods his head in agreement as Dream pulls out all the way and slams back inside. The metal hits against his prostate with every rough thrust, making George sore as the seconds pass. But he doesn't mind it and would welcome it again tomorrow if able to.

Dream's cock bulges from his stomach, and though he isn't able to see it, Dream makes it known.

"Fuck, oh my god," he breathes out, pressing a hand below George's belly button. "I can see myself—fuck, you're taking me so well."

The thought of that alone, of Dream's dick being able to be seen from his stomach just from the sheer *size* of it, is enough to coax a loud moan from George's mouth. He tries to look down, tries to see where Dream bulges out from him because fuck, does he want to see it. And he barely gets a glimpse, eyes rolling to the back of his head almost immediately as he screams, the abuse to his prostate absolutely mind-boggling.

Metal jabs at every wall, rendering George useless, the only thing of coherence being that of loud moans and screams. And it's all because Dream is fucking him so good, pressing on his stomach—on the bulge—and it has George seeing stars. Hot juts of red arousal burning his skin and eating him alive.

With a particular harsh thrust inside, George is coming all over himself without warning, painting his stomach white as he begs Dream to keep going, to fuck him faster. George is screaming out moans fused with traces of overstimulation as his prostate is abused by the heavenly metal of Dream's dick, uncut nails tearing Dream's back to shreds with rose-colored streaks.

Dream fucks him through his orgasm, building up to his own with low grunts. Every moan, every scratch to his back, every drag of his cock inside of George's clenching hole pushes him closer and closer before he's spilling into George with a low groan, hips stuttering.

His cock is milked for what it's worth, sticky cum painting the insides of George in a way he loves so much. And when Dream pulls out, the piercing catching on his rim and making him whimper, Dream can't help but watch how white leaks out of George sinfully, like it's fucking pornographic.

Dream's cock pulses as it softens, George impulsively reaching down to jerk him off despite the sensitivity. He lets his thumb wander over the piercing, slick with lube and cum as he plays with it again until Dream is pulling back, huffing out a protest before falling on his back beside George.

"You okay?" Dream asks, chest heaving to try and find his breath.

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm okay."

End Notes

kudos/comments are appreciated :D

go follow [my twitter](#) if you wanna see snippets and updates on things i'm working on :)

happy birthday frosty !!

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